

Entered it.

Years sped away, and during this period the deacon had heard nothing from his boys. He had often thought of them, and wondered what kind of men they became. And all his prayers and earnest pleadings been in vain? He had received no evidence that it had been otherwise. One day, while on his way to attend a Convention of Sunday School workers, as he was hurrying through the car in which he was sitting, a gentleman caught his eye, gave a sudden start, and then passed on into the next car. He was gone a few minutes, and then came back. He stopped at the deacon's seat, and asked, "Is this Deacon Johnson, of the First Baptist Church in M——?"

"Yes, sir," the deacon answered wondering.

"You don't know me, do you?" continued the stranger. "I am sure I do not," said the deacon.

"Didn't you have at one time a class of boys in the Baptist Sunday School?" "Oh, yes." And the deacon began to wonder if this would be one of his unruly boys.

"Do you remember a boy by the name of Bob Daniels—the worst boy in the class?" "Certainly I do."

"Well, I am that boy. I thought I knew you when I caught your eye, as I passed through the car a few minutes ago."

"I am real glad to see you. I've often wondered what became of my boys."

"I have only a few minutes," continued the man, "as I have to change cars at the next station. But I did want to speak to you and thank you for what you did for us boys. You had a hard time of it; but the Lord blessed your words to at least one boy. You remember that Sunday you held Bertie Smith and me into our seats, don't you?"

"Yes," and the old man wiped the tears from his eyes.

"Well, you looked straight into my face and said, 'Jesus died to save your soul; and unless He saves you, you are lost for ever.' I have never forgotten those words. I never can. They haunted me until I gave myself to Christ. Today I am the superintendent of the Sunday School in the city of C——, and a member of the First Baptist Church. I can never thank you enough for what you

have done for me. I must change cars here. Goodbye, deacon. Remember that the worst boy in the class is a saved boy."

A hearty clasp of the hand, and he was gone. The deacon could utter no word in reply, and the tears so dimmed his eyes that he could see nothing clearly for several minutes. As he proceeded on his journey, he thanked God that one of his boys had been led to the Saviour.

He enjoyed the Convention very much. He always enjoyed such gatherings. In the afternoon following his arrival there was a discussion, opened by a gentleman whose name he did not hear. The subject under discussion was: "What shall we do with our hard cases?"

In concluding, the speaker said: "Never give up your hard cases. I was a hard case once myself. If ever a boy had a faithful teacher, I had one. And if ever a boy tried the patience of his teacher, I tried the patience of mine. And the dear teacher, whose name I shall never forget—Deacon Samuel Johnson, of the First Baptist Church in M——, never gave me up. I remember one day in particular, when he had to hold me in my seat while he talked to me, and how his words cut into my soul. One sentence I can never forget: 'Jesus died to save your soul; and unless He saves you, you are lost for ever.' Those words years afterward brought me to the Cross. And but for the patience of that teacher and the grace of God, I should not be here to-day. Teachers, don't give up your hard cases."

It seems too good to be true. The deacon's heart was full, and as he grasped the hand of Bertie Smith, the second worst boy in the class, he burst into tears, and sobbed—"The bread cast upon the waters has come back after many days." *Herald of Mercy.*

The reports of progress in Sabbath observance in some places are most encouraging. The *Philadelphia Presbyterian* has the following:—

100% SABBATH OBSERVANCE.

"All the 'Vanderbilt' railroads east of Chicago, on and after the 3rd of May, stop from midnight on Saturday to midnight on Sunday all freight trains not carrying perishable freight. Pleasure excursions on Sunday have been discontinued on those lines. It is stated by the President of these roads that the number of men employed by them in Sunday traffic will be reduced from thirty-five to fifty per cent. Mr. Depew has also stated that the reason for this action are largely 'Religious—the object being to im-